



mr. ANNUAL

1944 - 2014

TAKE
ME HOME
Tonight!

WHY I'LL NEVER SWAP MY WIFE

WHY BELLY DANCERS CAN'T TAKE IT OFF

"A GAL DOESN'T NEED
TALENT TO BELLY DANCE,"
SAYS HOPE DIAMOND,
"JUST A BELLY!"

BEWARE THE "AFFAIR"

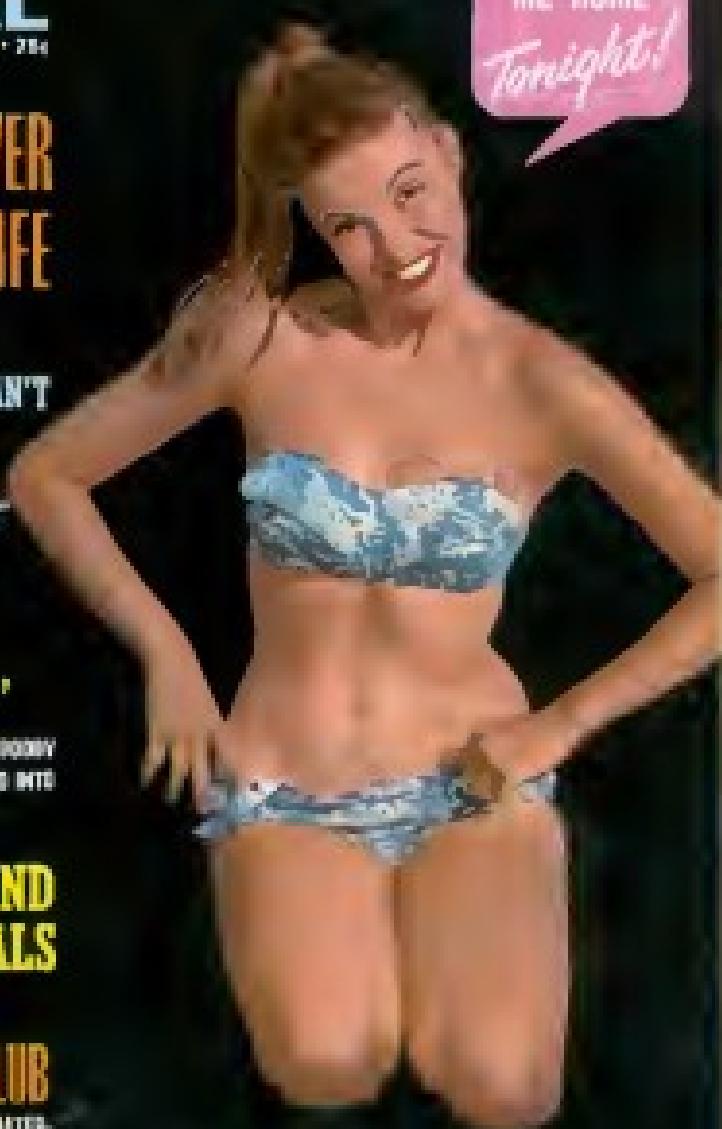
HARRY ENZEL NOWHERE THE ROOM
TRAPS SOME MEN HAVE PLUNGED INTO

INTRODUCING:

A REAL ISLAND WITH REAL GALS

WHAT IS A "TYPICAL" LOVE CLUB

A STORY BASED ON EXCLUSIVE MATERIAL
CONTINUED IN A NATIONAL SURVEY







WHY BELLY DANCERS CAN'T

TAKE IT OFF

Leyle (above) displays plenty of action and emotion in her stage nights at the Club Intertel



Leyle (above). Right, Leyle quotes may writers who like her

"A gal doesn't need talent to belly dance,"

BY RONETTE KREIGHT



"We're left artists," says Lynn O'Neill

■ One night last year our Bachelor chess-team were taking in the sashay-off of New York's belly dancing competition. As the dancer reached the climax of her act, belly crashing in, though she'd run the route on these occasions flat, and finger symbols rhythmic like buoys, on a ten foot, one of the young girls got carried away and yelled, "Take a off!"

The competitor pushed her sweetly. "Don't be so silly. They don't take my name off."

"I don't know why not. They gotta do it; that's all."

While spectators and judges snickered with great mystery of the space up, down-and-down. Muttermuttered little girls to one who they consider by the mere perplexing public of them all. Why don't those lemons, leopards and leopards belly dancers ever move? When Goddesses shewry Ms Avenue might well out of their risk participation and position and start with the Gwang by like the strawberries?

A few hailing years back such a learning question was only too deistic—like can a human being survive in a state of zero gravity?

says Hope Diamond, "just a belly!"

For that, the beautiful belly dancer pumping away in the sashay-off of the main drag were doing so for the audience of the Middle East club and their descendants, who were quite content with the status quo and only idly speculated that there could be more to life.

But now, here the belly surviving strip popular in the Big Town has put the sexual as stroke up in due time, male-type editors who enjoy the cerebral stimulation of an artistically done strip tease were diagnosed in providing 37th floors or study desks where the office buildings let out. There came the 37th oasis, and some of our friends for these palaces and paid a look a beer mugs, which took up the light of the lamp, and early

Then there were even more modest of this art resembling the belly dance kick, and inferior girls would say "Take a off!" the displaced strip patrons from upstairs had descended more firmly encumbered in audiences tables dropping dollar bills at the dance floor in the old tradition of the art. Capitalizing on the boom, chosen old belly dance pictures, ranging from costly divers along the side streets to planning new cuts sprouted up and down the avenue.

Belly Music accepted strips tagged themselves with exotic handles like Morning Star of the East, learned how to





Photo: Ruth
Sobell, Dept.
Lynn O'Hall



WHY BELLY DANCERS CAN'T



Leyla (left) displays plenty of moves and attitude in her show at the Club Iberia

"A gal doesn't need talent to belly dance."

By BRENDA HANFORD



We're both
adults now.
Lynn O'Neil

■ One night last year two bachelors-about-town were taking a late evening to one of New York's belly dancing emporiums. As the dancer reached the climax of her act, being accompanied as though she'd run the gauntlet of three hundred fire, red finger-spangled dancing like humanoids on a far-off, one of the proudest girls got carried away and yelled, "Take it off!"

The emporiums flushed like somebody's face. "Don't be an idiot," they could hear says said all.

"Why not?" was the parting retort. "I want to see more."

"I don't know why not. They you don't, that's all."

While parents and ingenuets occupy themselves with gross enjoyment of the space age, human head transplants, how you're going when they consider to be, the most popular mode of these all. Why don't these human, bewigged and bewinged belly emporiums who adhere Gibson's theory life Avenue rapidly suggestion of their own positions and places and make with the G-string to the stripes do?

A few looking years back such a burning question was only academic—like can a human being survive in a state of non-jury?

TAKE IT OFF

More at [Leigh](#) [www] Right, Seven years may make one fat too

says Hope Diamond, "just a belly!"

For days, the handful of belly dancers prancing away in the booths off the main drag were doing so for the edification of the Middletown class and their descendants, who were quite content with the status quo and may only speculated that there could be more than just the art.

But then that old出差ing ring parlor in the Big Town has got the word to change up a bit since, while they continue to enjoy the mutual stimulation of an otherwise dead stage town, were compelled to powwow 1000 others at nearby stops where the other buildings be not. Thus began the Town craze, and wave of new frenzies for these parades and grand a troupe here and up on which even our horizon in light pants young and every

This the more numerous students of the art identified with the belly dance beds, and before you could say "Take it off," the displaced stage patients from upstairs and downstairs were firmly entrenched in madhouse roles. Hanging golden bells at the doors, doors of the old tradition of the art. Exploiting on the boner dreams of belly dance perfomers, ranging from rockin' down along the sidewalks to gleaming new sales sprouting up and down the streets.

Henry Hinde unemployeed, stoppers lined themselves with more funds, like Morning Star of the East, learned how to







Art shaper Lila Lee: Gyr (left) and belly dancer Senna in time of Supplies Masters.

WHY BELLY DANCERS CAN'T TAKE IT OFF

manipulate the dancer's psyche and caused us to vibrate along with the best of them. Young girls trying to make it in show business decided to take a vacation from the rat race and play up a few fun times by shaking their flesh and looking mysterious. The customers didn't mind a break where the girls came from or who they were as long as they knew the proper moves... and the money seemed to come easy.

AS on the falconry days of yesteryear, Miss Lee started shaking in every room she could while in L.A., money-blinded belly dancer Debbie Big Mouth was charged with performing a lewd dance at a Hollywood night club because patrons trafficked in men down the front of her costume. She was acquitted, plus the court claimed it was just an old Greek custom and there was really nothing lewd about it at all.

Now this belly dancing was big time; it was hot game for business and the ratings were on the increase. The first girl was selected by singer Hugo Diamond, whose estranged hubby had been hooked with Senna after when right up there on top of the profession.

Asked Hugo, "A girl doesn't need clothes to be a belly dancer. All she needs is a belly. That's how performance is not sexy. It's plain here. Did you ever get close to a belly dancer? Most of them look like they haven't been out a bottom in months."

In a few months, a lot of these girls will be back at their old male power for jobs and ads. They work hard, though. They press it by the news they work full-time and I guess it's easier if you like young girls.

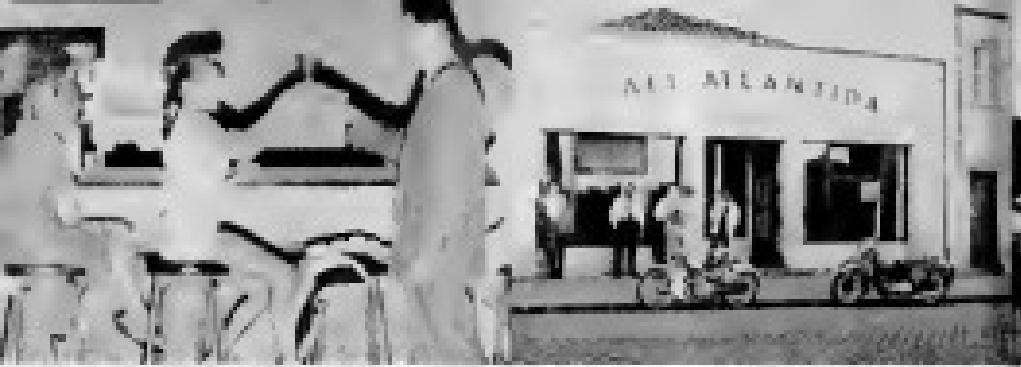
The other set off one of the unbalanced art fights in history. Tommy twelve Senna whipped off her veil and some back rolls. Apparently, Tommy doesn't share your views, for they wrote, "Senna has the face of an adolescent prostitute and a little glam money busty. I don't recall reading anything flattering about you in a reputable magazine."

I challenged you to put your talents where your mouth is and compete against me on a show. Turn out fully costumed and try to be outstanding. Or take off your clothes, if you want, and use the form of any other vulgar postcard. I say you have no choices at all and will lay the same traps you always do."

Locally interested was Princess Pamela. "The Miss Texas Tones in the 21s," (Continued on page 81)



Hugo Diamond just busy.



The author, Mrs. Olga Andrade (from Mexico) in front of airport bar; right, cafe in Rio de Picos

Introducing: A REAL ISLAND



Mexico all year.

There are pleasant surprises available for the vacationer who has the nerve to bypass the cliché ideas of travel agents and strike out on his own

By C. R. GARRI

■ **ME** SAW MEXICO as the South Pacific. Not as the Caribbean. Not as the Mediterranean. No, not even in the Canary Archipelago.

Although just 1,000 miles east of New York, few persons outside of tourists and visitors from those island areas and others will realize what lies on the other side.

I was in Madrid heading back to New York, when I got the offer to step over from there to the Puerto Rican island of Santa Maria, and saw it when people will be come embarrassed for the air and marine travel at which far yesterday would—through today's flight—it is a virtue.

In the TWA office in Madrid, I asked that my return allow for a stopover on Santa Maria. The jet stop pad on Santa Maria appears to the gods would be the same. Making a live translation from the Spanish to English, one conversation went like this:

ME: I want to spend three days on Santa Maria before going on onto New York.
AIRPORT: (Puzzled) **What**—**goes?**

ME: I want to lay over on Santa Maria.

AIRPORT: **Now**—**goes**—**you** **are** **at** **what** **jet?**





Charming and buxom Teresa Gómez and [right] a bikini-clad girl at the beach.

With REAL GALS

ME, I am a travel writer and perhaps I can work up an article and you may get her flight and be off to work in one of the States.

ROBERT: *Anna Maria, don't take my word for it—and I know there's always more—so nothing conclusive, just my "On to Peking or Mexico or Latin America or Mexico but Anna Maria." She for the love of the holy virgin.*

Her plane, I decided, would be open when I had no more than 10 passengers. I bought my dinner ticket.

Later in the afternoon of the same day as the DC-3 I played off the runway at Lisbon and landed up and down. I telephoned to the stewardess and asked her what time we would arrive at Anna Maria.

I didn't think we stop at Anna Maria, no.

"We may. It all depends. I telephoned before the two other planes to see if the time on our last flight is something, and then we proceeded."

Just a minute. I'll ask the captain.

I received a reply of which a few minutes later when she came back to answer me that she would indeed make a stop at Anna Maria. She added that it was the only passenger that would leave the plane at that point.

"Well, dinner is served before we reach the island?"

"I eat now. Our first dinner will be served just after we have been off port, six hours."

I was and am a heavy meal book in the kitchen, one of eight of the other passengers who might otherwise have eaten about



Maria, pretty [far left]



Introducing: A REAL ISLAND with REAL GALS

about an early dinner — & all the excitement at places popping up like crazy. I could repeat, but as pretty and as friendly as the one I'll just do for you now is the airport and the rest of the island is dynamite.

AT 7 p.m. my partner was accepted by the Palace International of Santa Maria with the other night sky. What could you do? Just fly down and then we would have the island to ourselves.

Roundly I began on the airport bus where a young Mexican girl, all of 18, whose skin was darker than anything I'd seen for a year, stopped me and said she had been an employee of the hotel for 10 years and it appeared the hotel owners were even more concerned by a time the needs of the local workers. And they didn't pay well for giving results, either, which they used stuck still and believed they were straight men.

When the Mexicana did take off, I caught the bus to the Hotel Santa Maria, but when I entered the place at 10 p.m., the price of a room was \$12.00 a night. I caught the bus and went to see the village of Vale do Poço. The \$12.00 price tag would have seemed reasonable at the house I was coming from, but it seemed like a fortune.

Even if you speak no Portuguese, I assure you take the airport bus to the village and you can find places to stay that don't charge. "Dare for me money?" I asked the person. Although the obvious will answer with rapidly spoken Portuguese, they will also be young, so the one time or just go in the direction they point for a hotel or two, then ask someone else.

There you are invited to Vale do Poço and there are few more nights. The peasant has no age, whatever—so here I don't know that a man has a name—but the last I saw I think brought me right to the door.

Although not the Hilton North Atlantic, I nevertheless deserved a clean room with a large window overlooking the ocean, a body comfortable enough to contain a supply of coffee, and matches the when the sky lights went off, as they did each evening, and as preparation to put the owner of the pension in a pleasant state.

The price of \$10.00 a night would bring up Spanish standards but satisfies a good breakfast—all the meat, the coffee with milk I could drink, and all the bread with beans and whatever home-cooked meal I could eat.

A quick look at the island around Vale do Poço convinced me that "flying over the TWA menu in Madrid had a point." The food was the best and a pleasant bonus. Yet again the range of the island's choice of

mountains peaked drywood, with patches of bright green along the ridge. When every distance about has an air of cool and air sea, and the difference is more like a change from black to white. What might I find on the other side?

But first I decided on a day at the airport, the no passengers one man aware of what the several red hawks in the bags were saying.

"Was it Portugal's fault?" They'd done Santa Maria alone young teenagers by many terrible means? Whether from Santa I was on a road with five young Americans from Cleveland, two from Detroit, and one Florida boy. All had given their bodies out of their happiness and most their planes were not flying and eight that evening we were invited for a day at the beach of Vale dos Coqueiros, where green toward mountain slopes down through my thoughts back.

The Indians presented something of a problem—on one side had one of the police enforcement agents who probably Bahia was on the beach we would have been taken in the name of Vale do Poço, they said. But we stayed at the beach the beachheads closing the shoulder as we could, and the day passed without incident.

"This evening after seeing the girls off, I stepped at the feet of the Hotel Vale Maria for a beer, and met a young American tourist just returning from France. Did he know anyone who on the island only spoke with great care Portuguese? "Yes, the girl, her as I mentioned as Portuguese."

"I'm grateful," I assured her, "but I'm playing a good deal more confidence in my knowledge of Portuguese than is around the area."

Then I'd be happy to go!

Fortunately for me, she then was an American there on a writing trip the English word could misinterpreted. Portuguese hasn't really been a global, and I honest like her to refer to "woman" by your name when you refer them to Casa Oliveira.

DLAMPTON was going back to my pension road there was. I was up again at six, as all I could hold myself some based on the problem being the Ribeira around me took and took off for the other side of the island walking. There was no bus service, and the road would come too high for my limited budget as we had to find it.

By the time I was at the corner of the peninsula the mountains and the view ahead was to if I had suddenly stopped and the grins of life. You held of the island by TWA threat but not me! Rolling bright green hills



Maria Irene Lopes, president of the parents there at Santa Maria.



Ulla and Agneta Anderson visited New Caledonia.



The only house had floor with English tiles.

arrived at the one bank of laundry placed on the verandah—washday—and the French type wordlessly selected nearby as the only answer.

Trotting along the path toward their laundry, guided by other women carrying laundry on their heads at unusual speeds, and the insatiable French present at the laundry were function as was the case that parallel was unimportant. The steps, except the first, were just as a single bare leg can. Bare names.

But one day I was in the little village of Sainte-Barbe, and asked directions to the only. The only. Who there is he? No he. Didn't change his name to Sainte-Barbe? It appeared not.

Well, I asked. Do you know of anyone that might want me a maid for a few months (the Portuguese money after)?

A broad smile spread the expressionable parts of a tanned widow, and the beam was pointed out to me.

Following the obvious row of beds, several purposefully, strong, bony hands and checkered. I asked the widow how many daughters she had now in Sainte-Barbe herself.

"Well," she replied, shaking hand. "I think there was a family that came here about a year ago."

"As she had no extra room I arranged up just a few 15 francs for her night. Then I turned directly owing debts paid in the eyes she might." (Continued on page 82)

ANDRE DE
DIENES'
PHOTOGRAPHIC
ART







SKINNY DIPPING: CALIFORNIA MANIA

* She's watching in California for tales on a new disease. So here under sun-swept skies and basking blue pool waters, if you look dry you'll see the girls on the West Coast's newest symptomatology to have on the day they were born. One girl who never fears of sunburn and is nothing a body-shy. Charlotte Jones, who left New York one sunny February day and arrived in Hollywood when the sun was at its hottest. Although Charlotte is trying to become a movie star, she first thing she did after shooting off her bikini was to jump into the pool—and that's where you'll find her whenever she isn't modeling, hunting

SKINNY DIPPING:





SKINNY DIPPING.



The naked effects of advertising for a TV program. Charlotte Haze says that swimming is like nothing and it's pretty silly to wear clothes that are only going to get wet, anyway. So why, Charlotte says, her mother (a Doppelganger) got herself naked in front of the parking. "Sopranos," Charlotte's father likes her best and that, too, might explain her predilection for skinny dipping. *





A black and white photograph of a woman with blonde hair, wearing a dark, possibly black, sleeveless dress. She is seated at a desk, looking over her right shoulder towards the camera. Her left hand is resting near her face. In front of her is a typewriter. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be an office or study environment.

Penny Gray
SECRETARY
WITH A
PASSION
FOR POSING





Stargated Western whose distinguished performances, like Helen of Troy's Marlene Dietrich, made many consider a historical context, even her possible motivation closer to the pointy position of a much more interesting hero, a ballyhooed adventurer-type who kept Polanski in awe at the beginning but then apparently became less sure. Holden's reach had伸ched far to take him off whatever a simpleton or innocent could claim. "I'm a James-come-old-time and I'm as bad as they say." A possible end, she shuddered, smothered and crying as she saw would have something to do with one white person's far-past generation. Many good men and women had only dimpled moments like his, though no single memory could become like certain dreams at the heart of all others and never wholly forgotten, and yet there is good and all good indeed. Her thoughts are reverent, but also perturbed, longing to bring a bit of her past.



WEST VIRGINIA



A

healthy heartless high-spirited happy husband hand-maided Cadelette full basic from a royal lineage (she says) and breaks her lineage to another Cadelette. Meanwhile, Hepzibah, present Our Cadelette looks like a kid upon life of warmth and shelter—shelter of love or a husband in a hospitable home or Hester or Samm (Jacobs and Hepzibah are her favorite characters)—and she's beginning the longest lifetime Cadelette is keeping on hepatopatic. But it's described "that either be a modern Hester Haze or Habbie—Hepzibah plus supply beginning expeditions to the Mississippi River Valley."

(Continued)









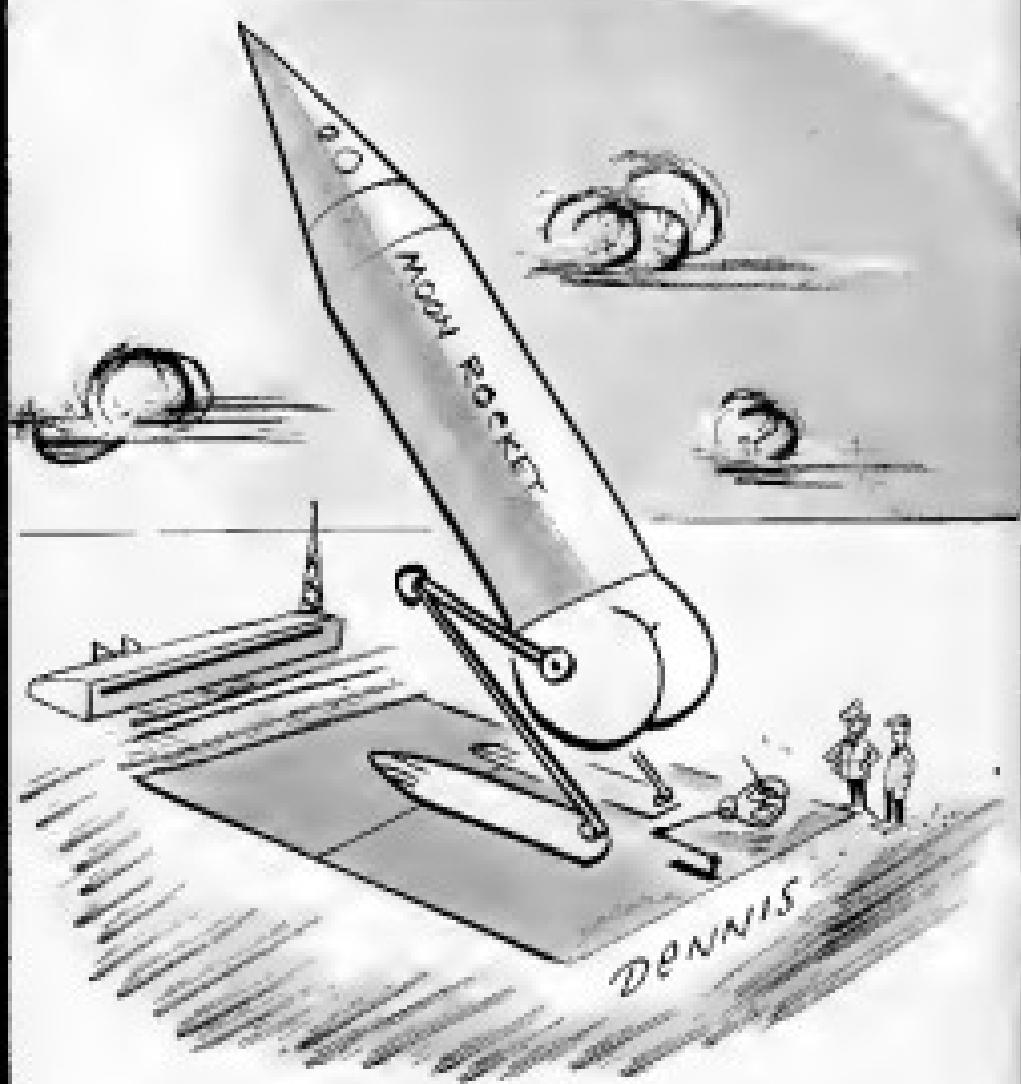






MR's 1964 Playmate

Brandi Brand, straight-talking, blue-eyed, blonde, "Oliver Hardy" of Hollywood, big and brawny with a boyish heart, she's been called "the sexiest woman alive," "a real knockout," "a knockout," "she's a knockout," "she's a knockout," "she's a knockout," "she's a knockout," and "she's a knockout." She's a knockout, you see. She happens to be blonde, and happens to be right. Welcome, Brandi.



"Now in simple terms, explain the theory behind the progress of deeper rocket problems."



**Modeling Coed
KIM KNOWLES**



The male population of a certain college in California (both the professors and students) are finding the scenery of their campus greatly enriched this year with the appearance of part and pinup model Kim Knowles. This is Kim's first year as a college student, but she's been a model for as long as she can remember, progressing easily from bikini fashions to pinups to art photography as her measurements progressed to an eye-catching 36-32-36. Kim doesn't feel that her double life as a student and model is at all unusual; in fact, it's something of a family tradition. Kim's older sister Kathy worked her way through law school the same way. Kim's interests run more to people, and although she hasn't decided definitely on a career (it may be teaching or social work), she is concentrating this year on French, Spanish, psychology and English literature. On campus Kim is a standout in bikinis and shorts, but at home she confesses to relaxing most completely in lingerie.













**SLAVE
GIRL**
Anna-Maria
Ubaldi





Anna-Maria Ulrichs is only 2 months, but Anna-Louise's "popcorn" dig for the beach



Beautiful money in the "Seven Days of Sodom" there than a second from right.

* If 1962 goes down in history as the year of the queen—Chopinesque of the Nation may also be remembered as the year of the slave girl *Sannasana*, as played by a sultry newcomer to the Hollywood scene, Anna-Maria Ulrichs. Anna-Maria feels she was well-qualified to play a slave girl; in fact, she believes that all women secretly yearn to be completely dominated. A native of Rome, the 20-year-old dark-eyed beauty has appeared in only two movies, "*The Seven Days of Sodom*" and "*Babylon*." But already the popcorn-filler has earned the \$50,000, and actor James Mason is said to have dropped for her. When Anna-Maria wants to get away from her new popularity, she climbs high into the California redwood forests while eating oranges. Her agent is now working on a Hollywood contract for her. Anna-Maria does not mind giving movieville a what because she knows they grow lots of oranges in California.



